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MESSAGE OF THE PRESIDENT.

*To the Senate and House of Representatives
of the Confederate States of America :*

The great importance of the news first received from Tennessee induces me to depart from established usage, and to make to you this communication in advance of official reports.

From telegraphic dispatches received from official sources, I am able to announce to you with entire confidence that it has pleased Almighty God to crown the Confederate arms with a glorious and decisive victory over our invaders.

On the morning of the 6th inst., the converging columns of our army were combined by its commander-in-chief, Gen. A. S. Johnston, in an assault on the Federal army, then encamped near Pittsburg, on the Tennessee River. After a hard fought battle of ten hours, the enemy was driven in disorder from his position and pursued to the Tennessee River, where, under cover of his gunboats, he was, at the last accounts, endeavoring to effect his retreat by aid of his transports.

The details of this great battle are yet too few and incomplete to enable me to distinguish with merited praise all of those who may have conspicuously earned the right to such distinction; and I prefer to delay my own gratification in recommending them to your special notice, rather

than incur the risk of wounding the feelings of any by failing to include them in the list. Where such a victory has been won over troops as numerous, as well disciplined, armed and appointed as those which have just been so signally routed, we may well conclude that one common spirit of unflinching bravery and devotion to our country's cause must have animated every breast, from that of the commanding General to that of the humblest patriot who served in the ranks.

There is enough in the continued presence of invaders on our soil to chasten our exultation over this brilliant success, and to remind us of the grave duty of continued exertion until we shall extort from a proud and vain-glorious enemy the reluctant acknowledgment of our right to self-government. But an all-wise Creator has been pleased, while vouchsafing to us His countenance in battle, to afflict us with a severe dispensation, to which we must bow in humble submission. The last lingering hope has disappeared, and it is but too true that General Albert Sidney Johnston is no more. The tale of his death is simply narrated in a despatch first received from Col. William Preston in the following words:

“General Johnston fell yesterday at half-past two o'clock, while leading a successful charge, turning the enemy's right and gaining a brilliant victory. A Minnie ball cut the artery of his leg, but he rode on till, from loss of blood, he fell exhausted, and died without pain in a few minutes. His body has been entrusted to me by Gen. Beauregard, to be taken to New Orleans, and remain until directions are received from his family.”

My long and close friendship with this departed chieftain and patriot, forbid me to trust to myself in giving vent to the feelings which this sad intelligence has evoked. Without doing injustice to the living, it may safely be asserted that our loss is irreparable; and that among the shining hosts of the great and the good who now cluster around the banner of our country, there exists no purer spirit, no more

heroic soul than that of the illustrious man whose death I join you in lamenting.

In his death he has illustrated the character for which, through life, he was conspicuous, that of singleness of purpose and devotion to duty. With his whole energies bent on attaining the victory which he deemed essential to his country's cause, he rode on to the accomplishment of his object, forgetful of self, while his very life-blood was fast ebbing away. His last breath cheered his comrades to victory. The last sound he heard was their shout of triumph. His last thought was his country's, and long and deeply will his country mourn his loss.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

DERMALIFE.
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